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ARTEMUS WARD

ON HIS VISIT TO ABE LINCOLN.

LETTER III.

I hiv no politics. Nary a one. I'm not in the bisniss. If I was I spose I should holler versiffrusly in the streets at nite and go home to Betsey Jane smellin of coal ile and gin, in the mornin. I I should go to the Poles arly. I should stay there all day. I should see to it that my nabers was thar. I should git carriges to take the kripples, the infirm and the indignant thar. I should be on guard agin frauds and sich. I should be on the look out for the infamus lise of the enemy, go t up jes be4 elecshun for perlitical effeck. When all was over and my candydate was elected, I should move heving & arth—so to speak—until I got orifice, which if I didn't git a orifice I should turn round & abooze the Administration with all my mite and maine. But I'm not in the bisniss. I'm in a far more respectful bisniss nor whot pollertics is. I wouldn't giv two cents to be a Congresser. The wuss insult I ever received was when sertin citizens of Baldinsville axed me to run fur the Legislater. Sez I, "My frends, dostest think I'd stoop to that there?" They turned as white as a sheet. I spoke in my most orfullest tones, & they knowd *I* wasn't to be trifled with. They slunked out of site to onct.

There4, hevin no politics, I made bold to visit Old ABE at his humstid in Springfield. I found the old feller in his parler, surrounded by a perfeck swarm of orifice seekers. Knowin he had been capting of a flat boat on the roarin Mississippy I thought I'd

address him in sailor lingo, so sez I "Old ABE, ahoy! Let out yer main-suls, reef hum the forecastle & throw yer jib-poop overboard! Shiver my timbers, my harty!" [N. B. This is ginuine mariner langwidge. I know, becawz I've seen sailor plays acted out by them New York theater fellers.] Old ABE lookt up quite cross & sez, "Send in yer petition by & by. I cant possibly look at it now. Indeed. I can't. It's onpossible, sir!"

"Mr. LINKIN, who do you spect I air?" sed I.

"A orifice-seeker, to be sure?" sed he.

"Wall, sir," sed I, "you's never more mistaken in your life. You hain't gut a orifiss I'd take under no circumstances. I'm A. WARD. Wax figgers is my perfeshun. I'm the father of Twins, and they look like me—*both of them*. I cum to pay a frendly visit to the President eleck of the United States. If so be you wants to see me say so—if not, say so, & I'm orf like a jug handle."

"Mr. WARD, sit down. I am glad to see you, Sir."

"Repose in ABRAHAM'S Buzzum!" sed one of the orifice seekers, his idee bein to git orf a goak at my expence.

"Wall," sez I, "ef all you fellers repose in that there Buzzum thare'll be mity poor nussin for sum of you!" whereupon Old ABE buttoned his weskit clear up and blusht like a maiding of sweet 16. Jest at this pint of the conversation another swarm of orifice seekers arrove & cum pilin into the parler. Sum wanted post orifices, sum wanted collectorships, sum wanted furrin missions, and all wanted sumthin. I thought Old ABE would go crazy. He hadn't more than had time to shake hands with 'em, before another tremenjis crowd cum porein onto his premises. His house and dooryard was now perfeckly overflowed with orifice seekers, all clameruss for a immejit interview with Old ABE. One man from Ohio, who had about seven inches of corn whiskey into him, mistook me fur Old ABE and addresst me as "The Pra-hayrie Flower of the West!" Thinks I *you* want a offis putty bad. Another man with a goldheded cane and a red nose told Old ABE he was "a seckind WASHINGTON & the Pride of the Boundliss West!"

Sez I, "Square, you wouldn't take a small post-offis if you could git it, would you?"

Sez he, "a patrit is abuv them things, sir!"

"There's a putty big crop of p atrits this season, aint there Square?" sez I, when *another* crowd of offis seekers pored in. The house, door-yard, barn & woodshed was now all full, and when *another* crowd cum I told 'em not to go away for want of room as the hog-pen was still empty. One patrit from a small town in Mishygan went up on top the house, got into the chimney and slid down into the parler where Old ABE was endeverin to keep the hungry pack of offiss-seekers from chawin him up alive without benefit of clergy. The minit he reached the fire place he jumpt up, brusht the soot out of his eyes, and yelled: "Don't make eny pintment at the Spunkville postoffice till you've read my papers. All the respectful men in our town is signers to that there dockyment!"

"Good God!" cride Old ABE, "they cum upon me from the skize—down the chimneys, and from the bowels of the yearth!" He hadn't more'n got them words out of his delikit mouth before two fat offiss-seekers from Wisconsin, in endeverin to crawl atween his legs for the purpuss of applyin for the tollgateship at Milwawky, upsot the President eleck & he would hev gone sprawlin into the fire-place if I hadn't caught him in these arms. But I hadn't more'n stood him up strate, before another man cum crashin down the chimney, his head strikin me vilently agin the inards and prostratin my voluptoous form onto the floor. "Mr. LINKIN," shoutid the infatooated being, "my papers is signed by every clergyman in our town, and likewise the skoolmaster!"

Sez I, "you egrejis ass," gittin up & brushin the dust from my eyes, "I'll sign your papers with this bunch of bones, if you don't be a little more keerful how you make my bread baskit a depot in the futer. How do you like that air perfumery?" sez I, shuving my fist under his nose. "Them's the kind of papers I'll giv you! Them's the papers *you* want?"

"But I workt hard for the ticket; I toiled night and day! The patrit should be rewarded!"

"Virtoo," sed I, holdin' the infatooated man by the coat-collar, "virtoo, sir, is its own reward. Look at me!" He did look at me, and qualed be4 my gase. "The fact is," I continued, lookin' round upon the hungry crowd, "there is scacely a offiss for every ile lamp carrid round durin' this campane. I wish tharewas. I wish thare was furrin missions to be filled on varis lonely Islands where eppydemics rage incessantly, and if I was in Old ABE's place I'd send every mother's son of you to them. What air you here for?" I continnered, warmin up considerable, "can't you giv ABE a minit's peace? Don't you see he's worrid most to death! Go home, you miserable men, go home & till the sile! Go to peddlin tinware—go to choppin wood—go to bilin' sope—stuff sassengers—black boots—git a clerkship on sum respectable manure cart—go round as original Swiss Bell Ringers—becum 'origenal and only' CAMPBELL Minstrels—go to lecturin at 50 dollars a nite—imbark in the peanut bizniss—*write for the Ledger*—saw off your legs and go round givin concerts, with techin appeals to a charitable public, printed on your handbills—anything for a honest livin', but don't come round here drivin old ABE crazy by your outrajus cuttings up! Go home. Stand not upon the order of your goin', but go to onct! If in five minits from this time," sez I, pullin' out my new sixteen dollar huntin cased watch, and brandishin' it before their eyes, "Ef in five minits from this time a single sole of you remains on these here premises, I'll go out to my cage near by, and let my Boy Constructor loose! & if he gits amung you, you'll think Old Solferino has cum again and no mistake!" You ought to hev seen them scamper, Mr. FAIR. They run orf as tho Satun hisself was arter them with a red hot ten pronged pitchfork. In five minits the premises was clear.

"How kin I ever repay you, Mr. WARD, for your kindness?" sed Old ABE, advancin and shakin me warmly by the hand. "How kin I ever repay you, sir?"

"By givin' the whole country a good, sound administration. By poerin' ile upon the troubled waters, North and South. By pursooin' a patriotic, firm, and just course, and then if any State wants to secede, let 'em Sesesh!"

"How 'bout my Cabnit Ministre, WARD?" sed ABE.

"Fill it up with Showmen, sir! Showmen is devoid of politics. They hain't got a darn principle! They know how to cater to the public. They know what the public wants, North & South. Showmen, sir, is honest men. Ef you doubt their literary ability, look at their posters, and see small bills! Ef you want a Cabinit, as is a Cabinit fill it up with showmen, but don't call on me. The moral wax figger perfeshun mustn't be permitted to go down while there's a drop of blood in these vains! A. LINKIN, I wish you well! Ef POWERS or WALCUTT wus to pick out a model for a beautiful man, I scacely think they'd sculp you; but ef you do the fair thing by your country you'll make as putty a angel as any of us, or any other man! A. LINKIN, use the talents which Nature has put into you judishusly and firmly, and all will be well! A LINKIN, adoo!"

He shook me cordyully by the hand—we exchanged picters, so we could gaze upon each others' liniments when far away from one another—he at the hellum of the ship of State, and I at the hellum of the show bizniss—admittance only 15 cents.

ARTEMUS WARD.

SIGNIFICANCE IN A POT.

THE 28th of November saw a dinner party given by the leading Republicans at Washington, at which it was agreed that the only way to carry on the conflict with the South would be by frequent rallies round the festive board, so as to keep up the *esprit du corps* during the session. In other words, they are going to try on a little Amphi-tryon.

There is nothing new in this kind of political junketing. England has her white-bait feeds at Greenwich, where there is an observatory maintained solely for the purpose of observing the heavenly bodies that participate in these banquets, and of recording the political philosophy thereat propounded.

The political pot at Washington, however, is much more likely to boil over with black Bait than with white; on which account—as there are precedents for our following English tradition in nomenclature—we take the liberty of suggesting to the festive Republicans of the Federal Capital, that they should adopt in a modified form the white-bait dinners of ministerial British import.

When we say "in a modified form," we mean with such significant alterations as will suit our time and country. Instead of White-Bait dinners, for example, suppose that the contemplated series of meals at Washington be initiated under the designation of Black-Bait breakfasts.

At these banquets, an endless political significance might readily be obtained through the medium of the *carte*; which, indeed, by a proper constitutional arrangement, might be made available as a key to the language of meat and drink—a medium quite as rational, if somewhat less romantic, than that sickly interchange of sentiment known as the "language of flowers."

The Language of Meat would be calculated to meet many contingencies in which reserve might be a necessary element.

Mutton, for example, would be suggestive of Wool, which, in extension, would signify the sable Author of Much Trouble.

J. G. B., of the *Herald*, might be typified by a roasted Sucking-Pig, with an Apple of Discord in its mouth.

The mention of Spinach or Asparagus would afford suggestions for a fine table-pun. "We know a Weed worth two of that," for instance, in allusion to Thurlow.

Lamb, with Mint sauce, would indicate the Treasury, and public money-bags in general. There would be a great run upon this diet.

"Do you take *blanc-mange?*" would give an opportunity for a declaration such as "No, I thank you; I side with Greeley, and think there is nothing like Black Pudding. Color for me."

The hasty demolition of an *omelette-soufflée* would pointedly express the confidence of the eater that the small kind of disunion at present blowing will speedily be roared down by old Boreas of the North. To which the retort courteous may be the offer of a *vol au vent*—signifying that it's an ill wind—et cetera. Should there be an involvement—we beg pardon—we mean an involution of monetary questions and Muslin Lobbying, the last dish may be *a la financière*. There are a great many fine Nancies flying round loose in Washington during the Third House Season. (Wait till we publish our Startling Revelations of Crinoline Diplomacy.)

f Terrapin will signify—"How strong the ground feels under my eet!—how securely my pins are planted on *Terra firma!*"

Goose—roasted goose—will stand for everybody who says he thinks the South wind is good for the Northern Corn. But Goose will be the great dish—in fact the Peacock Pie to swear by. A glance at it—a nod—the whispered "Sound?" and the affirmative nod—oh, there'll be no doing without the goose.

Pot au feu would be significant of the South in general, and of South Carolina in particular. Wouldn't it be "gone into"?—rather!

"Do you like tomato-sauce with your sweet bread?" "Yes; I go in for the Union." This would be very pretty and eloquent.

"Assorted Pickles"—the five unmanageable States.

"Currant Pie"—the one in which everybody wants to have a finger just now—the great current event of the day.

In the wine way, particular brands would mean worlds of things. A great deal would be done under *La Rose*, of course, her *Villanye Muscatel* would probably have the call: there is no end of *Villanye* about during a session at Washington, as VANITY means to show.

There are but a few suggestions as to the way in which a Carte might be made available for the conveyance of political burdens. The idea is capable of unlimited extension, and worthy of the consideration of the Feeders at the Federal Capitol.

With Ice.

We call special attention to the annexed:

"Our readers will be gratified to learn that, on Saturday, Judge GOULD pronounced sentence upon BILLY MULLIGAN, condemned him to imprisonment in the State Prison for four years and six months. Before sentence prisoner's counsel intimated that, if his client were at liberty, some of the journals would be made to regret the inexcusable liberties they had taken with his name."—*World Dec.*

VANITY FAIR begs leave to say that if in BILLY MULLIGAN the world has seen the culmination of outrageous villainy long suffered to escape punishment because of Political Influence, it has on the other hand witnessed a not less remarkable spectacle in the counsel who could thus openly threaten with Murder the editors of New York who had dared to comment freely on one of the most notorious ruffians in existence.

However, the Model of all the Manly Virtues has gone up to Sing Sing by this time as a Glorfous Example. Hurrah for Judge GOULD. Hip, hip, hurrah.

And may he sentence lots more of them!

A One-Horse Aphorism.

There are ways of doing things, *and* ways. For instance, a man may try the Mettle of his horse without biting a piece off one of the animal's shoes.

EFFECT OF THE LATE COLD SNAP.

NO SIGN.

One of our Boston readers—Boston by the way is beginning to be high-pressurely exercised over VANITY FAIR: it bought up all our last edition and bid a shilling premium on single numbers—Boston reader we say, sends us the following from the *Traveller*:

"It is said that every Episcopal clergyman in Charleston has omitted the usual prayer for the President of the United States. Letters mention that one of the most prominent statesmen of South Carolina, on noticing this omission, rose from his pew and left the church where he had gone to worship."

Oho'!—that proves nothing. Old Buck, You Know 's past praying for. And then he's no President. These facts were settled by VANITY FAIR long ago, to the full satisfaction of All Parties.

To our Lady Readers.

When are lands like certain animals?
When they're Fallow, Dear.
Why is a small dog like Punch or Judy?
Because it's a Pup, Pet.
Why is a young lady cutting High Dutch on the Central Pond like a popular song?
Because she's Skaty—Darling.
Why is a fact like my Devotion?
Because—ah—because it's True—Love!
Why is a catarrh like Total Immersion?
Because it's a Cold—Duck.

Exactly.

"When I once more felt the breath of the tempest on my brow," said BUCKLEHERR, "'twas a perfect treat." "I see," quoth JEEBUS. "You were re-galed."

THE WAR IN ITALY.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

FACETIA, November 15th, 1860.

DEAR VANITY:—GARIBALDI has resigned!

Your American newspaper correspondents are all making a great mistake. He did not resign in favor of VICTOR EMMANUEL, but in favor of myself. I am now at the head of the Army of Italian Independence, and my friends here are pleased to hint that the position is not an unbecoming one for me.

But if fortune has smiled upon me, misfortune has also frowned. I have lost a leg.

It became necessary, last week, to take this town, Facetia, where I now write. The Dictator was indisposed—laid up with an attack of his old enemy, a spavin in the left ear.

"McARONE," said he, "lead my men to victory. Head the Arabian Knights yourself, and take that darned town."

I mustered my troops—perhaps, in respect to the Ex-Commander, I should say Our troops—and we marched upon the place. It was a fine day. The men were in excellent humor. We marched in open order, or rather in open defiance of all order, and the scene was both gleeful and picturesque.

The Arabian Knights, in their splendid uniform, composed entirely of crimson silk fringe; the 78th Tumbrils, in their suits of complete armor, lacking only the helmet, gorget, cuirass, greaves, and gauntlets; the Boomerangers, each with his polished gonfalon shining in the sun, and the Zoo-zoos with their showy dress and barbarous antics, all presented a spectacle at once amusing and instructive, and calculated to inspire the beholder with emotions of mingled awe and admiration.

The Zoo-zoos, as they advanced, chanted their peculiar and terrible war-song, which never fails to produce a panic among their foes. As we approached Facetia, the panic was so great that their best railroad stock went down to 73*a*74. Bullyraggia & Castorbene R. R. sold at 85 and falling. Facetia Bank of Confidence was held at 12 per cent. discount, with few buyers. Consols were nowhere, and the consuls all ran away.

The song which produced such terrific results will be interesting to your readers:

Chantons un chanson a six sous,
La poche pleine de ble:
Vingt-quatres oiseaux noirs
Cuits dans un pate!

Quand le pate s' ouvrit,
Les oiseaux levaient leurs voix,
N'etait-ce pas un joli plat
Mettre devant le Roi?

You can fancy the effect of these awful words, sung in perfect time by 130,000 men, at the top of their voices!

The enemy met us at the bridge before the gates of the town. They numbered 500,000 men, rank and vile,* and were all apparently spoiling for fight. We, on the contrary, were fighting for spoils.

"Forward, comrades!" I cried, brandishing my sword; "Liberty and Pillage! Follow me!"

The charge was tremendous. We rode them down like sheep; very much like sheep, in fact.

We swept over a battery of Flying-Artillery, spiked the guns and horses, took the men prisoners, and completely routed the entire last wing and second joint of the army.

The wild chant of the Zoo-zoos rang high above the din of arms. The enemy retired within the wall, hotly pursued by the Eighteenth Precinct Police.

I emerged from the fray, covered with mud, blood, and glory. The artillery, assisted by the 12th Pompions, began storming the town.

I went home to dinner, and returned just as the walls fell. I led the Arabian Knights once more. "Pillage and McARONE!" was the war-cry. In ten minutes, I hoisted our flag with my own hands, above the citadel.

But I was not unscathed. The excitement had prevented me from feeling pain, and it was not until I returned to my tent that I discovered my injury. When I took off my jack-boots, my left leg came off with the leather encasing. I then remembered that I had received a sabre-stroke on the thigh, early in the engagement.

The next day GARIBALDI resigned in my favor.

"My occupation," said he, "is been and gone. I'm going to farming. Whenever you want any vegetables, let me know."

Stern and stoical as I have become, I was greatly moved. I wept copiously.

"Good day, General," said I; "I could have better spared a better man. Be virtuous and you will be happy."

He lingered a moment, with his face upturned in the dying light of the sunset. It was a farewell to glory, to honor, to life, to Italy.

"That's so," he murmured, and went.

I haven't seen him since.

The war is nearly over, but you shall hear once more from

McARONE.

* Probably a *lapsus penæ* for "rank and file."—[EDS.

THE CITY FATHERS OF ALL EVIL.

RESOLUTIONS are wonderful inventions. There is a saw, something trite, but not unmeaning, that says a Certain Place, unmentionable to ears polite, is "paved with good Resolutions." What hosts of material must the Resolutions of Our City Fathers furnish for that tropical and sulphurous locality! What mighty paviors are BOOLE, and BRADY, and TUOMEY, and GENET, and *id omne genus!*

They have been at it again. The Press was the object of their "sacred animosity," this time. The *Tribune* had used disrespectful language in speaking of BOOLE. The *Herald* had been irreverent touching TUOMEY. The *Express* had couched an article on BRADY in sportive terms, and other journals had not lacked in bitter or mirthful images wherewith to characterize the Noble Board. As for VANITY FAIR!

Whew!!!

So, last week, the blood of the Fathers arose to their pendulous cheeks and carbunculated noses, empurpling them far beyond the customary glow conferred by the brandy of Tammany Hall, and the whiskey of The Pewter Mug. Much like the Hyrcanean Beast, they arose in the dignity of Aldermanliness and holy wrath. If the *Tribune* could jeer, the *Herald* jibe, the *Express* scoff, and other papers join in the fracas, they too could be humorous and severe. Alderman STARR—*sic itur ad Astra*—became funny beyond the lot of mortals, and did this:

"*Whereas*, In the issue of Saturday morning's *Tribune* newspaper, an article appears reflecting upon the members of this Board particularly, and strictures are made on the acts of the Board authorizing the purchase of the statue of Washington, now and for some time past, erected in front of the City Hall, the article in question concluding with the following suggestion: 'As we have nothing to remind us of BOOLE and his companions, after their term of office has expired but the debts they have saddled us with, it will not be altogether a bad idea to have this statue as a suitable memento of them, and let it be set up in one of our dirtiest thoroughfares, which may be called *Boole-yard*, as an awful example to posterity.' And

"*Whereas*, An abject deference to public opinion, as represented by the newspaper in question, should govern the action of members in this Board, and that suggestions made by such disinterested friends as the editor of the paper or author of the article, should at once be gratefully accepted, and acted upon favorably by the Common Council, be it therefore

"*Resolved*, That the statue now in front of the City Hall, recently ordered to be purchased, be and the same is hereby assigned a location in the counting-room of the *Daily Tribune* office pursuant to a suggestion contained in the issue of the aforesaid newspaper, that the filthiest locality in this City be assigned for that purpose; and that the Street Commissioner be and he is hereby authorized and directed to carry this resolution into effect."

But in effect, it wasn't carried. It was only interjected as a thorn for the *Tribune's* side, so in obedience to a motion by Alderman OWEN, it was withdrawn.

Then came the question of the Japanese Swindle, about which the Fathers are hugely exercised in mind. They have waited and waited, till the public and the press should forget all about that little bill of One Hundred and Five Thousand Dollars, that they might pop it through, quietly as a burglar pops through a skylight; but the public and the press won't forget it. This exasperates the Fathers, some of whom are growing seedy and running up heavy scores in the grog-shops, while waiting for the "little difference" to drop into their gaping pockets.

Hence the kind mention of the press, for which we are indebted to Messrs. STARR, GENET, and BRADY. The former thought that all idea of plunder should be given up, the items of the Japanese Swindle collected, cut down to a reasonable amount, paid, and made public. This he said because he stood as one of the committee on the Japanese reception, "a political plunderer, a condemned knave, a thief," which words he quoted from a daily paper, probably for want of more appropriate ones of his own. He then quoted further, saying that this daily had mentioned the Fathers as "unwashed, dirty, foul-mouthed, and rum-drinking," but to these terms he did not take so kindly. On the contrary, he thought that the editor of the paper in question was better described thus, and that "his assistant looked like a graduate of a three-cent rum-shop, whose face (the rum-shop's?) was generally so dirty that it might be taken for a colored meerschaum."

The Board became bored, and when these Aldermanipulations were finished, Father GENET signified his joy by a hilarious exclamation, coupled with the ignition of the festive cigar. Between the aromatic whiffs, this gentlemen objected to any settlement of the reception-bills just now. The Controller ought to see the items, and if they amounted to One Hundred and Fifty Thousand Dollars, even, they should be paid. He, Alderman GENET, was pained to see that any of his colleagues should mind "the baby-talk of the press," which he further denominated "newspaper babble."

Alderman BRADY wanted to sink the denunciatory press into oblivion; by what means, he did not say. He assured his colleagues that he still swam on the surface . . . so does all other scum, Mr. B. . . . and as he should undoubtedly be nominated that night, and was a big gun in his district, election was certain for him, no matter what the papers said!

Bully for BRADY!

By the kind assistance of Messrs. CORNELL, DARRAGH, and others, a nice little squabble was inaugurated. When it subsided, Alderman GENET, feeling himself still capable of something, arose to speak, but found that he had nothing to say after all, so he repeated his assertion that newspaper-talk was baby-talk, and threw out the rather alarming hypothesis that the papers made their pennies by robbing the Board and other city functionaries of their character!

How the Honorable Gentleman imagines one can make a living by stealing Nothing, is a question.

This "baby-talk" seems to be a favorite *not* with the Fathers. The newspapers may be children, but they are of the "wise" kind who are said to "know their Fathers," and are bold enough to tell all they know.

Which makes it Bad for the Fathers

"THE AMORPHOUS."

Dear Vanity:—Will you suggest to the Common Council the propriety of placing the "Statue of WASHINGTON," if purchased by the City, within the grounds of the Blind Asylum?

PHILANTHROPY.

We will, we do. We suggest that not only the brown-stone What Can It Be in question be placed there, but also divers others works of Art such as:

The portrait of GERARD.

Ditto of a School Trustee taken as a satyr.

Ditto of GEORGE LAW, taken as St. Lawrence on a gridiron.

Ditto of BILLY MULLIGAN, as the bowld brigand.

Ditto of ENRIGHT as FAGIN.

Ditto of BENNETT in his celebrated character of The Horse Chaunter.

Ditto of Mayor WOOD as Mephistophel discoursing on Theology.

Ditto of the whole city government as Pandemonium on the Fourth of July.

And then, when the poor blind bewail their loss of sight, people will describe to them the Statue and the Pictures, and the afflicted will be comforted at reflecting that what they Don't see is perhaps something of an offset for the pleasanter objects which they Can't.

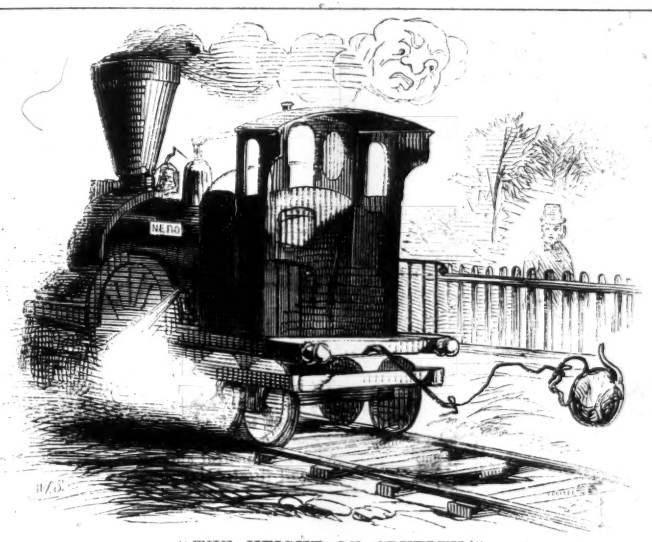
"Where is Fancy Bred?"

The *Herald* of last Sunday has a couple of pages devoted to the horses of New York and their owners. Among the latter, we are told, is a fast cracker-baker, who makes the dust of Astoria road fly with "a beautiful sorrel mare that is a kind family horse and can trot in 5 minutes."

Considering the color of the animal referred to, in connection with some collateral circumstances, our inference is that she must be of Ginger Bred stock.

The Miss Take of a Life Time.

Getting married. It is just as you happen to take it, though.



"THE HEIGHT OF CRUELTY!"

Fishy.

FROM OUR SPECIAL MERMAN.

However doubtful it may be whether Georgia is going to secede, it seems pretty certain that she is going to see shad,—the first one of the season having been served up at Savannah on Thursday, the 22nd of November. And the best shad of our New York season are still J. M.—in the market. So the first and last links in the Scale of the year are completed.

By the way we may remark that though they are always Alose in the French markets, shad are anything but a drug in ours.

That's it.

Our Easy Contributor don't think it wonderful that a knight of the Middle Ages should have been a prominent character—he was always going round on his Tilts, you know.

A "Bad Fix."

The Spiritualist who outlives a number of his creditors, must have a hard time of it, seeing that his duns, instead of being dead and gone, are dead and come.

PROPOSED EMBARGO ON COTTON.

Our Southern brethren have a way of talking tall, where cotton is the theme. This is natural, and perhaps inevitable. Cotton is a great product; emphatically a Big Thing—beats "some pumpkins," or other vegetables. VANITY admits its importance, not only to the world in general, but to that Better Creation, to which all the rest of mankind would cotton, if crinoline would only allow the necessary contact. Cotton is not only the chief agricultural Staple of the South, but it may also be called the principal Hinge of Northern commerce. Cotton is King, say our Southern friends; his reins, however, are light, and his crown unusually easy, as it is scarcely, Felt. Perhaps it assumes the comfortable shape of a night-cap; But as Cotton is king we suppose the *sesquipedalia verba* constitute the Court language.

But there is another congenital and hereditary reason for the connection between tall Talk and Cotton. Once upon a time it was used to produce a curious sartorial effect. Masculine garments were unduly extended by its insertion. VANITY has heard that feminine apparel even now assumes a local rotundity from the same cause. VANITY distinctly rejects that imputation. In the barbaric period vaguely referred to as Once Upon A Time, the article in question was designated Bombast, from bombax, the cotton-tree. In the course of that curious transmigration to which words, as well as souls are subject, the effect took the name of the cause, and anything inordinately puffed out or inflated was designated bombast. Thus that madcap Prince of Wales, Hal, called old Jack a "sweet creature of bombast." VANITY is very sure that the just-departed Prince found no occasion to bestow such an antiquated epithet upon any of our great cotemporaries; by no means—certainly not. VANITY would not venture such an insinuation. The Chancellor of the University, or the Principal of the Spingler Institute, might consider it personal. Might see proper to call on Fighting Editor, as per advertisement. Any such Soft Impeachment is therefore distinctly repudiated.

From such material application of the term, the transition to a metaphorical meaning was simple and easy. Bombast, nowadays, is sometimes independent of cotton. But it's hard to get rid of old associations; natural relations especially—(particularly the poor ones—they Cotton very close). Therefore, VANITY says, there's a family tie between tall Talk and Cotton. The same original nature is in both. VANITY won't quote what Horace (Poet Horace, not Philosopher Horace) says on this subject, because VANITY is better authority than any Poet or Philosopher, dead or living. But VANITY declares that Yankee ingenuity can't invent any kind of fork that will pitch the nature out of anything—or any other masheen.

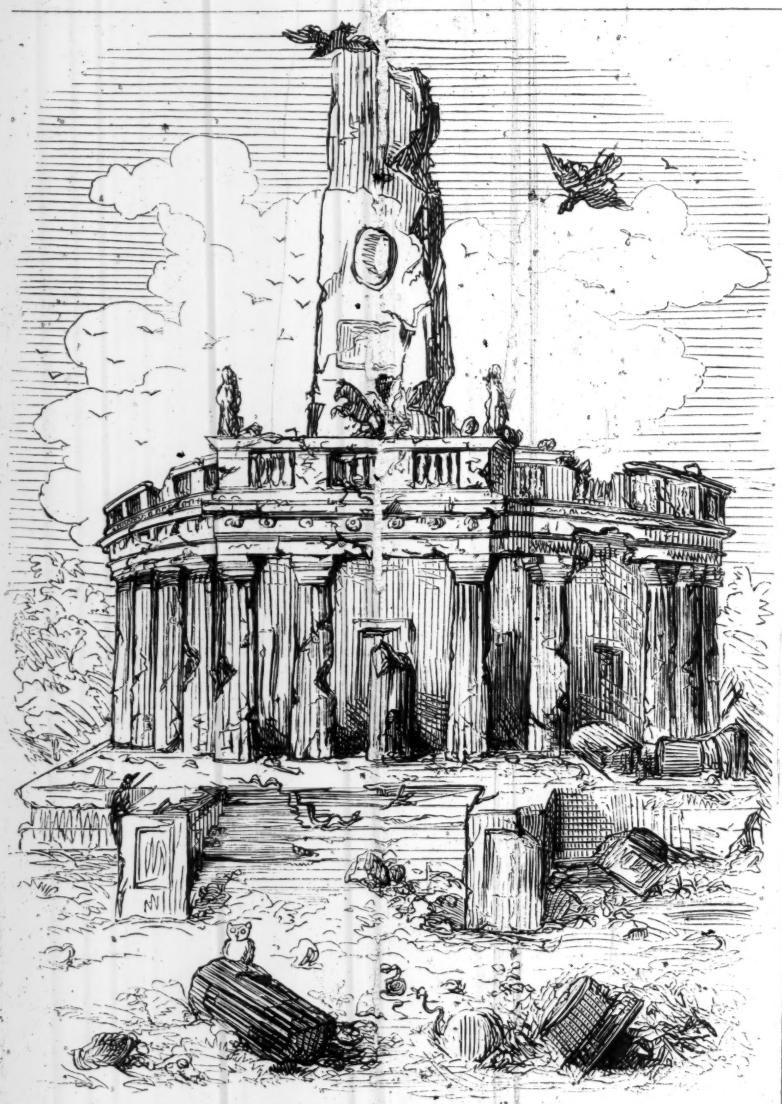
Now, our Southern friends threaten to Embargo their cotton. They mean to show us the difference between cotton States and States without cotton. VANITY wants to know two things—what they'll do with it, and what we'll do without it. VANITY conjectures that it is a serious contemplation to Bombast the whole of Mason and Dixon's line, as old Hickory did his lines at New Orleans. That's *se offendendo*, by Goodman Delver's logic. But cotton is proverbially hot—much more so. It is violently explosive—beats gunpowder, or other projectiles. VANITY, therefore, further thinks that fire-eaters will not keep the article for home consumption, but will Discharge it at invading abolitionists, instead of Unloading it in Northern Ports. Bang! rub a dub, bang! VANITY thinks that'll be Civil warfare; interchange of products.

But MASON and DIXON'S line is some distance off—very few people, particularly politicians, know exactly where. Sufficient at present to know it's Down There—VANITY wants to look nearer home, and find out what we'll do without cotton. Can we get a substitute? That question has rather exercised Political Economists and manufacturers, on t'other side the whaling pond. VANITY ventures a suggestion—VANITY will not stand convicted because the returns of the last Census are so slow that the proper statistics are not now accessible—VANITY therefore is to be distinctly understood as only *suggesting* COTTON TAILS. Our state is remarkably Furtail in animal and other products. Rabbits are fertile in theirs. Besides we have innumerable specifics to make *hairs* grow with incredible Rabbitity. VANITY is free from Dogmatizing; but in a matter which runs on all fours with great industrial pursuits, and in view of a possible catastrophe, it would be pussilanimous not to put the public on the right scent. Should this course fail, the game is up, and we have only to consider what's to be done without Cotton. It is certain we cannot look to Wool as an alternative. That, too, is an S. S. (Southern Staple, you know), and, no doubt, will be subjected to a stricter embargo than cotton itself. As an incidental consequence, underground railway stock must go down beyond reclamation. This, however, is but a Fugitive evil. The lasting embarrassment recurs—what are we to do without cotton? We would find ourselves in a Web of worse than Eu-Rope-an complications. The proposed embargo would shut all our ports, as well as Southern Harbors—many of our houses would cease to be *Custom* Houses. The Collection districts would be dollarously restricted. Commerce would Landguish. The now Loominous prospects of manufacturers would become *geloomy* indeed. Industry would sink in the dust. Free labor would enjoy uninterrupted leisure. Credit would fail, Banks be at a discount, Exchanges stand still, Stocks no longer branch out, Railroads cease to become common carriers, Steamboats lie idle at "Lethe's Wharf," the common Weal would cease to revolve. All Fellowship of society be en-Tirely subjected to the fearful whirl of Revolution.

VANITY will not dwell on the myriad discomforts of a cottonless community. Cotton interweaves itself with the whole web and fabric of civilization. VANITY apostrophises Southern humanity. Think of the dismal destitution which threatens your Northern Brethren. VANITY appeals to the chivalry of the "sunny South." Remember the fair daughters of the frigid North, with scarce a shred to wear, unthreaded, stitchless, shiftless, left in Cottonless Despair.

Firenze la bella.

TOM FLORENCE, the Bellows.



THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

"When your children ask their fathers in time to come, saying, What mean ye by these stones?"—[Joshua iv. 6.

THE BROWN-STONE WHAT-IS-IT?

A Civic Ballad, with a Chorus onto It.

I.

A sculptor once lived here in New York
Whose various statues made some talk,
But he, so all the *connoisseurs* say,
Was quite on the Caricatural lay;
With his Carica-tural, lural, lural,
Carica-tural lay!

II.

His name was Thom, a Scot was he
Who hoped from critiques to go Scot-free;
And one great work from this sculptor's hands
In a sweetly rural village stands,
With its sweetly rural, lural, lural,
Sweetly rural lay!

III.

One day when his cash was almost gone,
Said he, "I'll sculpture Washington!
Immortal in brown-stone shall he be,
With an architectural plinth, you see!"
An architec-tural lural, lural,
Architectural lay!

IV.

He got the sto e and he pecked away . . .
I think it took him at least a day . . .
Then he calle I some friends whom he had found
In the agricultural districts round;
With their agricul-tural, lural, lural,
Agricultural lay!

V.

'Tis hard to believe the tradition true,
But they said 'twas fine, and he thought so, too!
'Twas the sorriest figure, bald and bare,
With a mournful and sepultural air;
A sepul-tural, lural, lural,
Sepul-tural lay!

VI.

The artist was proud . . . he held up his head . . .
"'Tis the Flower of all my works!" he said;
"The Flower of all!" . . . well pleased was he
With his horticultural simile;
His horticul-tural, lural, lural,
Horticultural lay!

VII.

Long in the Park the statue stood,
And the general verdict was "'Tain't good!"
Though few knew what 'twas meant to express,
Save by a sort of conjectural guess;
A conjec-tural, lural, lural,
Conjec-tural lay!

VIII.

But the City Fathers are lovers of Art,
And with this statue they could not part;
They said in the Park it should remain
Throughout their civic and mural reign;
Their civic and mural, lural, lural,
Civic and mural lay!

IX.

So, for this brown-stone What-Is-It? to pay,
They gave Two Thousand Dollars away,
And tax-payers groan, both near and far,
"What expenditural fellows these are!"
Expendi-tural, lural, lural,
Expendi-tural lay!

X.

So now the Thing belongs to the town . . .
Or will, when the money has been paid down;
And going through the Park, we admire, each day,
Thom's strength in the Caricatural way!
In the carica-tural, lural, lural,
Carica-tural way!

By our Drinking Contributor.

Gough says that liquor is the great enemy of the human race. We presume that is the reason beer is always foamin'.

BROTHER JONATHAN LAME.

Doctor Disunion.—Poor Fellow! His Constitution is so run down that I fear he cannot survive without an amputation.
Nurse Columbia.—O! *don't* give it up, Doctor. Good nursing will do anything—everything—if you will only give him the opportunity.

XUM

SAUL AMONG THE PROPHETS.

MIO Fernando—you're delicious!

We always said You weren't morally accountable for anything You ever did. We let you off whatever we might say of others. It wasn't possible—our enormous Instinct told us so—for any creature with a Conscience (I [illegible]s here, You Know, not ethics) to carry on as You do. For any other——Being! (Sold!)

Some folks Do Wrong. Some folks are Irreligous. (We know three or four editors in the Concern around the Corner who haven't got a mite of religion in 'em, and who come round and loaf in our sanctum just to pick up a few ideas on the subject. The Public ought to know this by-the-way.) But *you*—Lord bless you—You don't know what Piety is. We bet if the truth were known you think its some kind of Pie. A Three Cent Pie, probably with a raisin in the middle. Now tell the truth—haven't you a dim idea that Salvation was christened Sarah? Do you know whether people roll ten-pins, or buck the tiger in Grace Church during the service? Haven't you a suspicion that all such ecclesiastical edifices have private bar-rooms in the basement?

FERNANDO—the fact is you're a tenebrified Heathen.—Sho! you're worse than a H. Pagans, Gentiles, Idolators and all such *do* have some ideas of religion, but you're a genial Nothingarian—almost a Jerseyman. As the Islamite says when he slings his worst cuss at the other man—"You haven't *any* religion—you Son of Shaïtan!"

But you might have got on pretty well for all that, if you hadn't tried your hand at a Thanksgiving Proc. Oh—wasn't it Joyous? Wasn't it naif to see You expressing in your simple, child-like, aboriginal way your untutored ideas of a First Cause! Catch You a thanking GOD indeed, for any thing when You don't see where it comes in under the present anti-Democratic circumstances. "Thanky," indeed! If You had an Anti-Thanksgiving sermon to preach you'd let yourself be heard from we imagine. Something on the other side of thanking. Rather. We think we see you as the *World* did (we ain't wicked enough for that yet) pitching into your Fetish—banging it over 'cos it didn't give you what you wanted.

But then after this you remember in your bedoozled way that Public Opinion and that sort of thing, Fourth of July, Mozart Speeches, and even profanity, all suggest a sort of expression of respect for the Supreme Being, and so—not knowing but what there may be actually something in it—you suggest that it may pay, and at any rate can't hurt to pray a little to keep from getting into still worse scrapes.

Oh FERNANDO!

But suddenly the idea occurs to you of pitching into those whom you hate. Then you're In Town. The Court understands herself there and No Mistake. So with a wild heathen howl for Vengeance in which we see all the *Excommunicatio* ERNULPHI strained through the medium of Mozart Hall, you wind up. "Verily, Verily. And TOBY said unto PETER 'You're One of 'Em.'" That's Scripture, You Know!

FERNANDO—of course You think it's all political or pious slangandering, but we tell you it isn't, when the good old *World* says that if any Hindoo or Hottentot needs a missionary worse than you do, so much worse for the heathen. Go it! There's about as much mutual comprehension of one another between you and one of the *World* constituency, as there would be between HABBABUK MUCKLEWRATH and—ah—well, say WYKOFF. Just about.

Meanwhile we've no doubt that our neighbors of the Repository over the way will send you a Bible. You need it. We'll see them about it.

THE GRATIS PRINCIPLE.

VANITY FAIR doesn't wish to be regarded as an Institution which picks out little flaws in divers objects without heeding what is good in them. If VANITY rakes down the dear old *World's* proof-reading and piety occasionally, it always squares accounts nobly You Know, by duly crediting Messrs. CUMMINGS, MARBLE, SPAULDING, WHITE, STEDMAN, and the rest of the Numerous and Talented, when they *do* make a ten-strike on the Aldermen, or rake down a big pot out of the Mayor—as they did in that leader on FERNANDO'S Proc. a week or so ago.

No—VANITY doesn't, for the sake of being Odd, go about knocking knots out of the barn-side, and kicking the loose bricks up. But VANITY has a word to say to those good folks who are just now rushing the E. G., or excessive glory over GARIBALDI because—no, not because he sailed into the Papals and Naples lot in such a sublimely slasher-gaff style—but because he has never accepted pay for his "cervices."

With all due respect to GARIBALDI'S noble intentions—and to those of a great number of other great and good men, we submit that at the present day the theory of unpaid-for performance of any duty is an error. A noble one, Gentlemen—but an Error.

Does any one imagine that GARIBALDI'S pay as an officer can be regarded as any recompense for *his* services? But that isn't where the reason comes in. It's in the moral example.

Half the official rascality which comes off, is performed by gentlemen who serve without salary.

Mr. SCAMP, f'rinstance, is—ah—well, we'll say an Alderman. *He* hasn't any salary. *He* steals—*he* does. That's what's the matter with him.

Mr. RAMP is an ignorant, beastly, superstitious, drunken School Trustee. He isn't paid. We'd rather not mention what *he* does.

Mr. VAMP is a rich man of leisure on a salaried committee charged with some onerous and responsible duty. Mr. VAMP comes the Magnanimous. VAMP Speeches. He resigns his pay "for the per-roud Consciousness of Jewty." Poor little honest Muff on same committee who is worth twenty of VAMP, and who can just continue to Get Along with the pay, has to resign the Pecuniary, too. VAMP walks into dinners, carriages—everything. He isn't paid You Know—and has all the credit of serving for the sake of Jewty.

Ah bah!

These resignations of pay are very noble—but between you and V. F., they set confoundedly bad examples and make lots of mischief. Fact—they do. We've watched this thing in all sorts of quarters, and never saw a case yet, anywhere, when if a man had honestly earned his money it wasn't better for him to take it than leave it. We don't believe in kite-flying your Magnanimity against your Just Dues—Nohow You can Fix It.

As we said before—and we say it without H. and say it B.—VANITY don't like to be odd and Alone in his Views. We've no fancy for being One-some as the Germans say, had a great deal rather be two or three-some, or for that matter half-a-dozen-some, any day. But all of our lone we would protest against the Unpaid Service doctrine. If we had our own way there shouldn't be a Director, a Manager, a Vestryman, or anything else that wasn't paid. And it shouldn't be a creditable thing to serve *gratis*, either. Subscribe what you please, Give what you please.

But remember—when you've honestly earned your money it is your duty for example's sake to Take it. That's so. Now we're off to DELMONICO'S and luncheon.

To Our Market Inspectors.

In view of the animal reforms about to be effected by Mr. RAREY, it would be well to have a sharp eye to the city shambles; because butchers, hearing that the great pacificator turns all the Horses into Lambs, might make mistakes, you see—and then we should have a nice Bit in our mouths.

BOSTON AND ITS PICTURES.

THE *contents of private libraries* noticed in late numbers of V. F., particularly the allusion to some choice and rare works in the Boston Athenæum, suggested the idea, at possibly a notice of a few of its best works of Art might prove interesting to the lovers of the unique and *recherché*, in the Pictorial as well as the Literary department. The list, furnished your never sufficiently-to-be-patronized-read-and-appreciated journal comprises a class of works not often brought before the Public eye, and therefore the more interesting to the curious in such matters. ALLSTON is the beau ideal of this institution in Art, and his view of the "Rock of Gibraltar" is much admired, though executed in a very Hard Style. "BELSHAZZAR'S Feast," (EATON) is a standard work, appropriately hung by the side of a charming work of LOVER'S, "LORENZO paying his *devoirs* to JESSICA." "The Champion of the P. R.," by HARDING, is an astonishingly striking Likeness, wherein the Artist made a Decided Hit. A very large landscape, "July in New Hampshire," by SOMERBY, is a wonderful specimen of warm coloring. A full length portrait of O. W. HOLMES on the wheel of the tread-mill (HUBBARD); a standard work. "Every inch a King," LEHR; an admirable representation of Royal Majesty. "The Hungry Kitten," BARTHOLEMEW, (rather feeble.) "A Snow Squall," WIGHT. "Shooting at a Mark," AMES. "Trouting," by A. FISHER. "The Straight and Narrow Way," LANE. "Merry Making," GRIGGS. "Portrait of JOHN SMITH'S intimate friend," BROWN. "Companion to Ditto," JONES. "Banditti attacking Pilgrims," from the collection of Mr. ROBB & SON. Nothing can exceed the freedom of handling and boldness of touch in this daring attempt. "Group of Ethiopians," BLACK. "The Dey of Algiers," by KNIGHT. This artist also displays an accurate "View of Solomon's Great Architectural Masterpiece," which is much admired by the order of Knights Templars. "The Wheel of Fortune," LEAR. "Study of a Sky," BALLOU. "The Trinity Church," *an aspiring artist.* "The Old Oaken Bucket," WELLS. "An Ocean Tempest," C. GREEN; remarkable for its transparency, though the tricks of color are easily seen through. "A Skating Scene," a work attributed to FROST; noticeable for its smoothness. "The Dirty Face," SULLY. "Presenting a Bill," by one OTIS. An exceedingly pleasant picture to contemplate is entitled "View of the Roman Sea" Sun Setting, by POPE. "On the ice," SLIDELL. A singular picture of a mastiff drenched with honey from an overturned bee hive;—supposed an original "CARLO DOLCE," worthy of notice for its charming sweetness, sharp touches and keen feeling. "Early Morning," GRAY. "Swine Reposing" on the ground. "Where snoring pigs in social clusters lie," HOG-ARTH; a most admirable specimen of still-life. "The Five Listeners," TENIERS; very low and subdued in tone. "Off with his head," an historical subject by RICHARDS; Handled in the Severe manner (recommended to the consideration of the incoming Administration.) "A Study of Animals," VAN BEEST; excessively brutal. "The Swiss Bell-ringers," PEALE; varied and brilliant in tone. "Portrait of A. BAKER," by DOUGHTY. "The sweep of a caricature," VON BROOM. "Portrait of JOSEPH the Carpenter," by BOARDMAN; from a daguerreotype. There is a charming simplicity and honesty of purpose in this head, which denote the original a *plane dealer*. "Study of a Windmill," TURNER. "The White-washer," DONSON; the breadth of coloring and boldness of touch are inimitable, its tone is slightly chalky, and a little more softening of the hard edges would improve it. "A Rustic Groggery," BARTLETT. "Hoeing the Corn," FIELD. "Festival of the Juggernaut" in India Ink, from the CARR Collection. "Cooking Oysters," STUART. "Portrait of LONGFELLOW," a full length by TALLMAN. "Ali-Baba," CHILD. The old masters are represented by "The Irish Ghost," MICHAEL ANGEL-O. "The imprisoned Grimalkin," POUSSIN. "Scotch fiddler," DOM-IN-ICHIN-O. "The original American Eagle," CLAUDE. The "*Heart* of the Andes" having proved so very attractive, it is proposed to order a Series with Anatomical titles. Commissions are already in contemplation: "The *Pericardium* of the Alleghanies," by HART; "*Lights* of Boston Harbor," by RAY; "*Stomach* of the Mælstrom," SWALLOW; "In'ards of the Kentucky Cavern," HOLLOWAY; and "Lungs of the Windward Islands," BELLOWS.

WOLF MAHLSTOCK.

SONG OF THE REVOLVER.

Though to Sheffield the steel for my barrels I'm owing,
And straight from Balize came the wood for my stock,
'Twas American genius, so clever and knowing,
That got up my works and invented my lock.

How I bless the bright Yankee who woke up one morning
With *me* in his six-barrelled head all complete!
It was plain modern fact ancient fable adorning—
A brain had hatched power, and made it "repeat!"

Oh, I'm pretty and smooth, and they call me a dandy,
I'm always so neat, so offensively trim;
But how gentlemen prize me! it's something so handy,
To have a good backer with plenty of vim!

All serenely I couch in that inner breast-pocket
As still as the thoughts of my cherishing friend;
But how fiercely I burst on the world, like a rocket,
When, blazing with ardor, his cause I'd defend!

I go where the "bank" deals its sybilline favors,
I go where the "cue" darts its magic around:
Wherever the "fancy" discriminate savors
Of solids or fluids—or language—I'm found.

The brave and adventurous breaker of houses
May carelessly lose from his "kit" some rare tool,
But you'll catch him perhaps, if the watch he arouses,
Without his revolver! He's not such a fool.

Higher life at the South is so full of excitement,
Revolvers there live about two lives in one!
For encounters are constant; and when there's a fight meant
It's sure to be finished ere fairly begun.

From the West comes a smoke and a sweet smell of powder;
It makes Indian Summer all times of the year;
And the prettiest roar growing louder and louder,
Steals over the land and arrests every ear.

In the North and the East how intently they listen—
How eagerly snuff up the relishing scent!
It delights me to see when their merry eyes glisten:
They knew, long ago, what these pretty things meant!

Oh, it's quite beyond question, the good I am doing;
All men will agree upon that head, I think:
And the fools that deny it their course will be rueing—
I'll drop the first six of them, quick as a wink!

"Awful"—is it now?

All the way from Fraser River we have the following singular item:

"A number of rich specimens of silver ore has been recently taken from a lake situated about forty miles northwest of Port Douglas, and excites the superstitious awe of the Indians of that region by its luminous appearance."

Our only motion for quoting the above is to Improve the Opportunity for reminding our readers how thankful we ought to be that we are not wild, red Indian Savages, You Know. We have never seen the amount of silver coin of any denomination whatever—nor of gold at that—by the "luminous appearance" of which the "superstitious awe" of any white person could be excited. Lots of people, indeed, get their covetous desires into a state of *delirium tremens* at the bare idea of silver and gold; but O! how superior is that noble feeling to the "superstitious awe" of the untutored savage!

By our World Contributor.

Why is BAYARD TAYLOR a member of the Russian royal family? Because he is always a Roamin' off.

THE "GOOD TIME COMING."

OUR MEN WILL BE SO STRONG, BY AND BY, ON ACCOUNT OF WINDSHIP, AND OUR HORSES SO HANDY, ON ACCOUNT OF RAREY, THAT WE MAY EXPECT TO SEE SOME SPORT LIKE THE ABOVE INTRODUCED BEFORE THE WINTER IS OVER.

"So Ho! Don!"

The Chicago correspondent of the *Herald* treats the public to the following bit of political gossip:—

"Don Piatt, of Ohio, who was formerly in Paris as an *attache* of our embassy there, is Hounding Lincoln, and trying to get a promise of something from him."

Now it is quite evident that this writer is making game of the President elect. Observe, in the first place, how he uses the word Hounding; then consider how commonly the name "Don" is bestowed upon pointers and other sporting dogs; after which nothing can be more natural than the inference that the Don refeired to is meant to be represented as making a Dead Set at the old bird of Springfield.

The Chemical Bank.

Much as has been said lately, with regard to the stability of this institution, we always thought that the reports unfavorable to it would prove to be groundless—as they have. And this position held by us with regard to a bank professing to be Chemical, is all the more disinterested, because we have long since ceased to regard money as a mere Drug.

The Political Thermometer

So intense has the heat of secession been at Charleston, S. C., for the last week, that the *Mercury* boiled over on Monday, the 26th inst., severely scalding President Buchanan, who happened to be in the way at the time.

Such an Effort!

Why is a regular plan like the thingamy that an apple hangs by?

It's Sy-stem—you know!

From Peoria.

Who died of amazement?

STEPHEN when he was Stunned by them Jew fellers.

A SOUTHERN POET.

We understand that, when secession becomes a *fait accompli*, South Carolina and her "star sisters" will transfer their postal arrangements to the great transport institution known as "Adams's Express Company"—which would not be the worst step they could take, under the circumstances, by any means. Certain collateral changes, indeed, would spring out of such an arrangement. Letter-writers, for instance, would have to adopt new forms in their epistolary style—because such old ones as "I have hardly words to Express myself," or "Do I Express myself plainly?" would seem to bear reference to something more like postage-stamps than sentiments. And then, talking of postage-stamps, what disposition could be made of the many acres of those tenacious little vouchers that must be distributed among the Southern P. M.'s? Should South Carolina "raise the hatchet," indeed, then the adhesive patches might be turned to use as plasters for the chops received by her warriors from the hostile hatchets of the foe. But no; how would a *beau sabreur* of chivalrous S. C. look with a red stamp on the bridge of his nose, displaying a likeness of the Father of the Union, with the legend "U. S. Postage—Three Cents?" Nary red. The thing couldn't be tolerated by the seceded braves. If the Lone Star is to form a republic by herself, however, she might dispose of her postage-stamps by papering with them the walls of her Lone Star Chamber, as her council-room of state should appropriately be named. The blue stamps would be preferable for this purpose, as they would match the general tint likely to be assumed by things under the circumstance if war should ensue; and the dignity of the Lone Star Republic might be vindicated by sticking the stamp on upside down, which would produce a general effect of an indefinite number of Fathers of his Country tumbling headlong from the ceiling, like flies in a frost.

By our used-up Contributor.

The man who neglects his hair in early life, will have Toupeé for it.

From our Engineering Contributor.

You have heard, I presume, DEAR VANITY, that the Superintendent of the Newburgh Branch of the New York & Erie Railroad, (which is said to be the slowest road in the State of New York,) intends hereafter to place the Cow-catcher, (or as it is now called, the Pilot,) on the rear car to prevent Cattle from running over the train. This reminds me of a western road that in addition to carrying a *Chevaux de frise* of Cattle-guards, had posted up in each car the following notice:

"All Passengers are strictly forbid to get off the train to shoot ducks, catch fish, or snowball, when it is running a down grade."

And yet—such is the Depravity of H. N. (human nature You Know,) that they kept on doing it!

Yours eSteamedly,

SCILICET.

A Thankless Office.

That of Mayor of New York. For did not the present incumbent, FERNANDO WOOD, commend Thanksgiving Day to the attention of the citizens by declaring that neither he nor they have anything to be thankful for? If turkeys had votes, now, we should say that FERNANDO's reëlection would be a pretty safe thing—and, indeed, we don't know but that Geese may secure him as the matter stands.

Con. by our Colored Chemist.

Why is de smell of a bottle of LUBIN's Extract as it comes up like Chloride o' Lime.

Kase it's *De oder risin.*

From one who ought to know better.

Q.—When is an Irish sufferer by fire like an Ethiopian minstrel?

A.—When he is Burnt Cork man.

JENKINS ON THE NEW HIPPODROME.

HOOP, hurrah! Oyez! oyez! Tumble up, Mr. Merryman! Harlequin, Columbine, and Pantaloon jump into the ring! while Mr. Clown relates his experiences in the new Hippodrome, the arena of Fashion and Beauty and *bon ton*—the circus of sinnamons! The New York *Herald* of Sunday, November 25th, after having deputed Jenkins on an expedition extraordinary to the Central Park, devotes ten blessed columns of nonpareil to a description of the horses, the men, the women, and the Fancy, who congregate in that festive place. Jenkins did his duty nobly. He has evidently studied the animal horse in all his moods and tenses, and if he had only devoted one half the time and labor upon his native (or adopted) language, and common sense, we should propose Stuffing and a Glass Case. But now for a few specimen bricks from this remarkable edifice. Now then, here we are. We omit names, (naturally excepting Simeon Draper's). The *Herald* does not, of course:

"Mr. —— rides a thorough-bred English chestnut horse a great deal."

Ah! exactly; evidently a mis-print, for *horse-chestnut*. How annoying these printers are, and how well Mr. —— must look on the great Deal!

"A young man by the name of —— is seen a great deal, seated on a brown horse."

"A young man of the name of Guppy!" As this is a brown horse, it can't be a horse-reddish—which vegetarian product is entirely original, and called out by the occasion.

"Mr. —— an India rubber dealer, finds time to exercise a chestnut pony."

The idea of an India rubber man on a wooden horse, is certainly new; a good toy for children, doubtless.

"Mr. —— of Seventh street, and sister, are seen together in the saddle, mingling with the throng in the Park. *They both handle the bridle with skill.* Miss —— is invariably seated on a cream-colored animal, and never fails to attract attention."

It must be an entertaining equestrian spectacle to see the gentleman and his sister upon the same horse, especially when they both "handle the bridle."

"Mr. ——, the India rubber man, occasionally leaves his fast nags in the stable and visits the Central Park in the saddle, accompanied by his niece. Has two saddle horses, both bays."

"A merciful man is merciful to his beast," which is probably the reason why this "India rubber man leaves his nags in the stable," and prances up and down in the saddle.

"Miss —— of Fifth avenue, is seen in the Park every day, seated on a large gray animal, and wearing a jockey cap."

The only "large gray animal" that we can think of is the elephant; we Would like to *see* him.

One gentlemen is spoken of as "riding a cream animal." Which must of course be a Cow:

"A medium-sized and solid built animal, rode by a middle aged man, whose whiskers have just begun to turn gray, has attracted a great deal of attention of late. He is to be seen galloping and skipping about in all parts of the Park, frequently riding up the little hill near the terrace upon the jump, and soon after appearing in some other portion of the drives, playing like a young kid. The rider of this well-trained animal is Dr. —— of Twenty-sixth street, who is very fond of this kind of exercise."

The only medium-sized animal that we know of, with whiskers, is the cat.

"Simeon Draper, of political notoriety, has a showy pair of blacks, which are invariably driven in a barouche."

The idea of Sim Draper, the standard-bearer of the anti-slavery party, and Abe Lincoln's right-hand man, driving a showy pair of Blacks in a barouche, is a Nuckleberry Above our Persimmon. But stand aside, Hooray! here we come!

"One of the most tasteful carriages that appear on the drives about the city, especially for Park riding, is a Victoria carriage, that of —— —— ——, usually drawn by a pair of ponies. It is a low wheel carriage, and so constructed that it does not crush the ladies' dresses nor conceal them, but enables those passing by to see the attire of the ladies seated in the carriage almost as well as though they were on a promenade. It has fenders to keep off the mud, and is withal, one of the best carriages for Park riding that we have seen on the drive. Mrs. B. is often seen holding the ribbons, and never fails to attract attention. We understand that Brewster & Baldwin have received orders for several similar, to be in readiness at the opening of the next season."

A'gh—ah! There, Mr. *Herald*, what do you say to that? Arn't you ashamed of yourself now? You who pretend to be the type and model of American newspapers? Arn't you ashamed to disgrace yourself and your class by publishing ten mortal columns of such disgusting, fulsome, puffing trash as this?

Now, Don't you think such toadyism is a disgrace even to YOU? *And then* to wind up by puffing and praising Her mode of "holding the ribbons!" Faugh! *we're* ashamed of our sex and avocation, saith Vanity.

SPECTACULAR ENTOMOLOGY.

Stage art has rarely achieved a greater triumph than the exquisite transformation scene in the somewhat diabolical *spectacle* of "The Seven Sisters," now to be seen nightly at Laura Keene's Theatre. The scene in question is called "The Birth of the Butterfly in the Bower of Ferns." It is a marvel of exaggerated form and color, and must have been inspired by direct revelation from some eminent florist or hot-house person in the spirit land. As right and proper in an in-fern-al piece, the ferns are of a size that may truly be described as supernatural—placed beneath the smallest fern of the lot, Fanny Fern would be quite in the Shade. The other vegetables are sized—and varnished—to match. In the background an immense number of pillars are to be seen turning, turning, turning. Our only theory at present about these pillars is that they must be Cater-Pillars, and will keep turning until they turn into butterflies. As for the butterflies they are the most gorgeous things we ever saw: nor are the moths that attend on them much inferior to them in grace and beauty. If we had such a lot of moths about our clothes, catch us putting camphor in to banish them! It's no use for an outsider to hammer his brain as to how this effect was produced, or that; but the impression on our mind is that Leeson is in reality the "Old Gentleman in Black" represented by him; Roberts the scenic artist of the theatre, Apollyon or some other able demi-demon; and the whole business, ballet-girls and all, a thing to be rushed at to see as quickly as possible, as there is no telling how soon it may go up, or down, or something, leaving nothing to judge of it by saving a sulphurous smell.

A TIP-TOP INSTITUTION.

The Western Reserve College says its Faculty is "authorized to remit the tuition of young men who have the work of the Ministry in view, and who possess industrious and economical habits."

Please notice. The Faculty—the learned and grammatical Faculty—and not any Other Man—advertise that they will Remit the tuition of young men who have the work of the Ministry in view.

Come now, we like that. Ah—ah—r'r'—HEM! Now for 'em. Let's give our Western Reserved friends a rake over the Dictionary.

Let's Worcester 'em up a little.

"Remit, *v. a.* [Latin *remitto*, *re* back, and *mitto* to send.] Never mind the Spanish and Italian, you know.

1. To relax; to make less intense, to abate—an education!
2. To forgive; to pardon: to absolve—an education!
3. To send or place back; to return—an education!
4. To give or deliver up; to resign—an education!
5. To restore; to replace—an education!
6. To refer—an education!
7. To send or transmit to a distant place,—an education!

Synonyme.—To forgive—an education!"

Any of those you like. Vichever you please, my little Dears. You pays your money and you takes your choice.

You can weaken or abate educations with a Remit; you can forgive them, or you can send or place 'em back. And it does look as if you were Going Back on Them.

You can give the education up, or replace one, or refer it to somebody else, or bestow on it your final forgiveness.

But you can't give an education—not for money or gratis or anyhow.

Western Reserve—you may be a very fine University, but you can't raise a dictionary. That's on Record.

VANITY FAIR.

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Received at the Office of Vanity Fair,

Up to Tuesday, Dec. 4, 1860.

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